

A S O N G

Upon The praise of Chloris
her Dull Eye.

1.

Hence you that would preserve your Heare.
Those heavy looks send Leaden darts,
The lighter shaft hits seldome sure;
But for a Slugg (*alas!*) what cure?

2.

Oh never thinke, that for your Wound,
There can a Remedy be Found,
When looks so Vnconcern'd do prove,
They are not Mortalls she must love.

3.

These Smiling cheeks some comfort give
And to our thinking, bid us Live,
That Contradicting eye saies No,
Her Cheek's our Freind, her Eye's our Foe.

4.

That Pleasant Tongue we for us find,
But yet her Eye Speak's more her mind.
Strange Contradiction in one Face!
And yet in every part a Grace.

5.

All but that Eye our Sorrows feel,
And both together Wound and Heale.
Thus when at Once you Scorne and love,
False (Chloris) to your Selfe you prove.